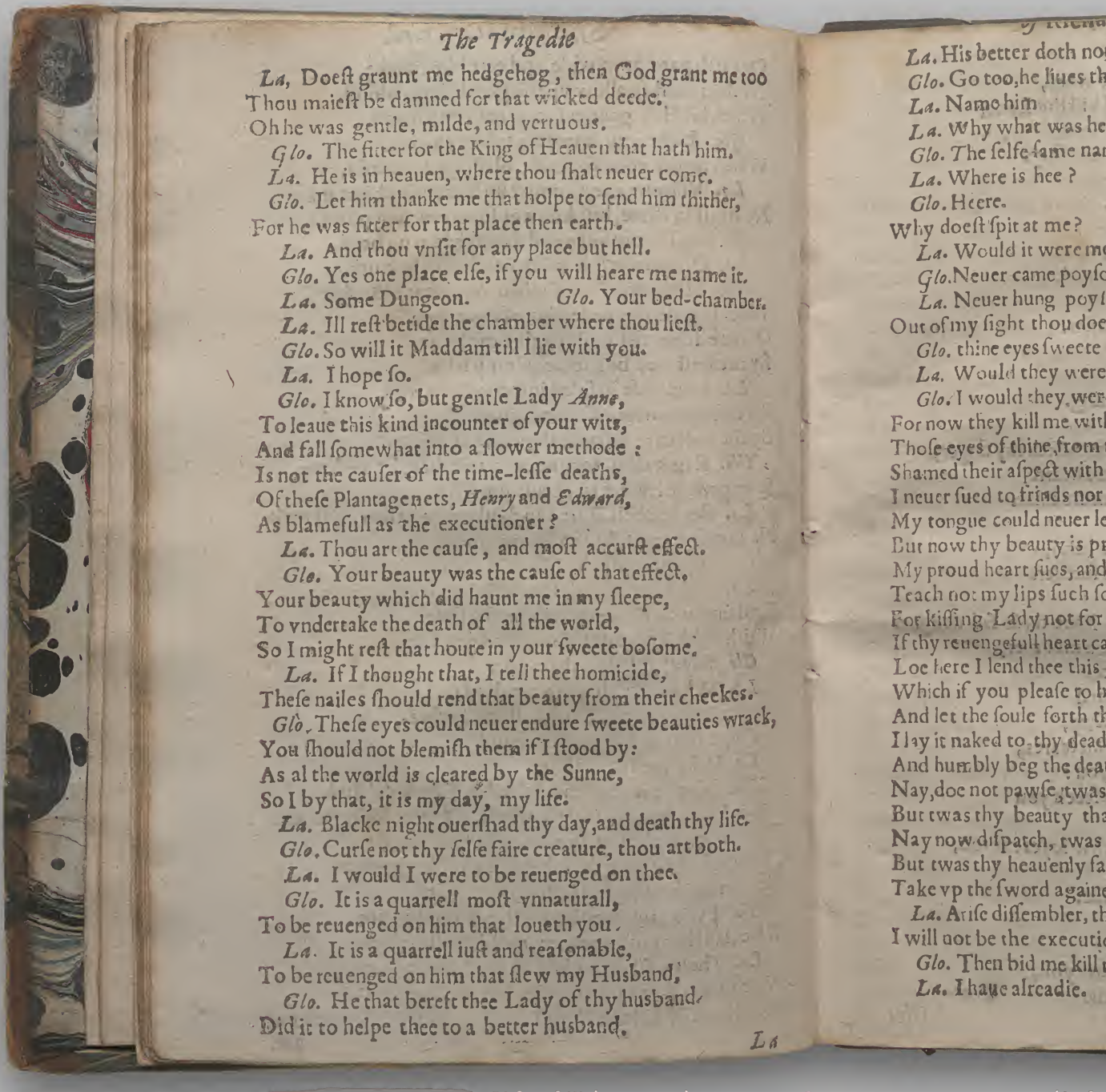

La, Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deede.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Lady *Anne,*
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward,*
As blameſull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beauty from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweete beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As al the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuenged on him that ſlew my Husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth no
Glo. Go too, he liues th
La. Name him
La. Why what was he
Glo. The ſelfe ſame na
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere.
Why doeſt ſpit at me?
La. Would it were m
Glo. Neuer came poyſo
La. Neuer hung poy
Out of my ſight thou doe
Glo. thine eyes ſweete
La. Would they were
Glo. I would they wer
For now they kill me wit
Thoſe eyes of thine from
Shamed their aſpect with
I neuer ſued to friends nor
My tongue could neuer le
But now thy beauty is pr
My proud heart ſues, and
Teach not my lips ſuch ſc
For kiſſing Lady not for
If thy reuengefull heart ca
Loe here I lend thee this
Which if you pleaſe to h
And let the ſoule forth th
I lay it naked to thy dead
And humbly beg the dea
Nay, doe not pauſe, twas
But twas thy beauty tha
Nay now diſpatch, twas
But twas thy heauenly fa
Take vp the ſword againe
La. Ariſe diſſembler, th
I will not be the executi
Glo. Then bid me kill
La. I haue alreadie.

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